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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 28, 1898.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Maj. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A., Commissioned as Special Representative of The National Tribune with the United States Army in Cuba.

We have secured the services of Maj. Henry Romeyn, of the United States Army, to act as special war correspondent for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to report the war in Cuba, and he will accompany the Headquarters of the Army and go wherever the movement of our forces may take him nearest to the central point of interest.

Maj. Romeyn will write exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. His

MAJ. HENRY ROMEYN.

long services in the Army will make whatever he says especially valuable, and as a writer he is already well-known to the readers of this paper, to which he has contributed at intervals for the last 10 or 12 years.

In this connection a brief notice of his career will not be uninteresting. He is a native of the State of New York, and when a young man went West and settled in Michigan. He happened to be on a business trip at Sycamore, Ill., when the 105th Ill. was being recruited, and he enlisted as a private. He was at once made a non-commissioned officer and went with the regiment, Col. Dustin commanding, into the Western army. He was with the regiment at the little affair at Frankfort, Ky., and showing great capacity as a soldier, was put on scouting duty, with Headquarters at Gallatin, Tenn., where he was most of the time during his 14 months' service with the command. Then he was commissioned as Captain of Co. B of the 14th United States Colored Troops, and from that time until the end of the war served with the Army of the Cumberland.

In the operations at Dalton his company were the first colored troops under fire, and they continued to do heavy fighting from that time on until they wound up the campaign against Hood at the battle of Nashville. He was mustered out of the volunteer service in the Spring of 1866, and entered the Regular Army in the Spring of 1867, being commissioned First Lieutenant in the 37th Inf. When the Army was reduced to its present proportions he was assigned to the 5th Inf., with which he remained until retired. Upon entering the Regular Army he went at once to the plains and was actively engaged in the campaigns until Sept 30, 1877, when he was shot through the body and laid out on the field with the dead at the battle of Bearpaw Mountain against the Nez Perces. While he was recuperating he was assigned to college duty for three years at Hampton, Va., and afterward returned to active service. He was retired June 1, last, by operation of law, with the rank of Captain and Brevet-Major. He is a member of the Loyal Legion, the G.A.R. and Sons of the American Revolution, and is a Medal-of-Honor man. His great grandfather and grandfather both served in the American Army in the Revolution and two of the family were in the War of 1812.

Maj. Romeyn speaks Spanish fluently, and will thus have a great advantage over ordinary correspondents when he shall reach Cuba.

THE absolute lack of faith in all Spanish diplomacy is shown by the fact that, in spite of the most solemn treaty obligations entered into to suppress the slave trade, negroes were brought from Africa to the island by thousands every year until the Ten Years war put an end to slavery.

THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

The war with Spain is now as fully on as declarations, proclamations, bellicose spirit on both sides, and diplomatic formularies can make it. It is difficult to recall any war of recent decades which has been so formally placed upon the boards as this one has been. Not a detail of the solemn parade has been omitted.

All that has been lacking so far is a little genuine fighting to make it a real war. Whether there will be any of this is not at all certain. Spain is in a queer dilemma. She is gathering, or pretends to be gathering, a mighty fleet at the Cape De Verde. This at first looked quite threatening, but on cooler examination it lost its alarming character. When all is said and done, and Spain given credit for the entire apparent strength of every ship that she can gather there, it is seen to be far from a match to the fleet which we have sent to Habana. It is very doubtful if it could make much of a stand against even the smaller Flying Squadron, which we have at Fort Monroe. Competent judges have every confidence in the result if the Spaniards should leave Cape Verde and start for Cuba, and find the Flying Squadron across their path off Porto Rico. They would arrive there short of coal, and more or less shaken up by their voyage across the Atlantic, and so be in a very poor shape to encounter five such perfectly appointed and equipped ships as compose the Flying Squadron, which has only had run enough to get them into good sea trim. If the Spaniards are not able to whip the Flying Squadron, they are much less able to whip Admiral Sampson's fleet. Yet unless they whip both of these they will be unable to raise the blockade of Habana. Gen. Blanco must surrender at discretion within a very few days. If Gen. Blanco is starved out, as he must be, unless he can get an enormous amount of provisions at once, the game is up.

Last Sunday the Queen Regent summoned 27 Admirals for consultation upon the situation. She needed all of them, and 27 times 27, for the emergency. The problem before them was this:

1. Unless they can drive off the American fleet at once Blanco must be quickly starved into surrendering.

2. If they attempt to drive the fleet off, they will inevitably lose their own fleet, and the Spanish navy be wiped out of existence more effectually than it was at Trafalgar, 93 years ago.

It is not known what advice the 27 Admirals gave the Queen Regent. If they had a lucid interval they told her to make the best of a bad job, by keeping the fleet at safety in a neutral port, leaving Blanco to his fate. This being cold common sense it is probably not what Spanish Admirals told a Spanish Queen. Yet even a Spanish Admiral is not necessarily a blatant fool, and must know that to venture to battle with an American fleet means certain destruction, with no hope of benefit. So far the game has all gone our way. Our fleet has not fired a shot at Habana, because there was no necessity for it. There is no use of wasting costly ammunition on prey that, like Capt. Scotts' coon, will come down without shooting.

The only real hope that the Spaniards can have is to make a sneak on us somewhere where we are unprepared, and inflict a stinging damage. Our long seaboard, with its numerous harbors and seaports, forms the basis of this hope. If they could have an hour or two's bombardment of New York or Boston, or even of Charleston, Mobile, or Galveston, they could surrender with better grace. But it is wholly unlikely that they will have this satisfaction. It could only be done now by a swift cruiser, making a long secret, run from some unsuspected point. But we know where every one of her cruisers is, and the extent of her striking range. We have swift vessels disposed so as to intercept any such an attempt. Our ports are all now thoroughly protected. If such a raider should succeed in running the gantlet of our cruisers she would find awaiting her on the coast such an array of heavy guns, mines, torpedo boats, and old monitors as would make her change her mind.

We have Spain at a tremendous disadvantage. She must do something at once, and yet every opening for her leads only to disastrous defeat.

THERE is no longer a doubt that we are the grandest and strongest Nation in the world.

THE REVENUE BILL.

The Revenue Bill, which has been prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, and is now on its passage, provides for an immediate increase to the revenues of from $90,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year. This is to be secured by increasing the tax on beer from $1 to $2 a barrel, raising the tobacco tax to 12 cents a pound, cigars to $4 a thousand, cigarets to $2, and placing special taxes from $12 to $48 on dealers, pedlers and manufacurers of tobacco. Bank drafts above $20 are to be stamped, and also mortgages and other commercial paper. The stamps on all these are to be of small denomination. Patent medicines, perfumery, etc., are to be stamped at the rate of 1 cent for every 25 cents retail price. A small tonnage tax is to be imposed on vessels entering our ports. Tea and coffee are not touched.

The bill also authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow in the aggregate not exceeding $500,000,000 in sums of not more than $100,000,000 at a time, at 3 per cent., the whole to be payable within a year. This will give a war fund of $600,000,000 for immediate use.

IT may be that rigid economy prevents the Navy trying the effect of a few 13-inch shells on Castle Morro. These shots cost from $1,000 to $2,000 apiece, and cannot be banged away as carelessly as an infantryman used to his 40 rounds of Springfield ammunition. All the same there are gentlemen in this country who would be willing to contribute to a pony purse to reimburse the Navy Department for the expense of a half-dozen shots or so aimed by one of Uncle Sam's expert gunners at the old stronghold of Spanish oppression. They are not at all revengeful or spiteful. Of course not. They have heard so much about these big guns and their awful destructive shells that they merely have a scientific curiosity as to whether they will do all that is claimed for them, and they can't at this moment think of any better object to try them on than that insolent pile of cruel memories. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE would be willing to join in the contribution.

THE Methodists can always be trusted to rise to the level of any great occasion. The recent Methodist General Conference demanded the expulsion of Spain in these ringing terms:

Its sacrilegious pretext of claiming to be a Christian Nation.

Its prostitution of the moral sense of our countrymen by obliging them for years to look upon and become familiar with fiendish barbarism, so near us that we can almost hear the cries of its victims.

Its paralyzing power upon the Christian civilization of the country by holding in darkness denser than that of the Middle Ages the inhabitants of the fairest island of the seas.

Humanity, honesty, virtue, reason, liberty, civilization and Christianity demand the expulsion of this last consummate specimen of the criminal cruelties of a Latin civilization from the island whose shores are touched by the same tides that wash the coasts of this Republic.

If there has been any more vigorous trumpet sound anywhere, we have not heard it.

THE activity all around him seemed to stir Commissioner Evans's pulses just a little bit, for he allowed 1,156 original claims last week, as against 983 the week before—an increase of 173. Perhaps if Morro Castle should be shelled he might rouse to allowing 1,500 cases.

So far the only way our vessels have known that Morro Castle was firing on them was by seeing the flashes of the guns. The Spaniards are only experts in shooting off their mouths.

THE war has hardly begun, and yet the four large ships captured from Spain represent a loss of about $2,000,000. A bankrupt nation cannot stand this sort of thing very long.

CAPT.-GEN. RAMON BLANCO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SPANISH FORCES IN CUBA.

CIVIL WARS IN SPAIN.

This Century's Record of Intestine Broils.

The Government of Spain may be accurately described as one ring of robbers who are mercilessly skinning the people, with other rings trying to get together, oust them, and do the skinning themselves. The result is an interminable series of civil wars which are like the war in Cuba: very little actual fighting, but innumerable outrages and crimes committed in the name of war.

It would be tiresome to protract the list of these beyond the beginning of the present century. The bare enumeration of those in this century will give an adequate idea of the history of the country for 400 years.

1801.—Charles IV., a weak, ignorant and debauched man, upon the throne. His Queen, Maria Louisa, of Parma, became fascinated by a handsome private soldier in her guards named Manuel Godoy, and made him her accepted lover. She had him rapidly advanced until he was Lieutenant-General, Duke of Alcudia and Prime Minister. He concluded a shameful peace, by which Spain lost Santo Domingo. Then Spain gave up Louisiana to France, which sold it to us.

1804.—Spain, with France, declared war against England, and was miserably defeated at Trafalgar, losing nearly her whole Navy.

1808.—A revolution compelled Charles IV. to abdicate in favor of his still more worthless son, Ferdinand VII. Both father and son appealed to Napoleon, who deposed them both, and put his brother Joseph on the throne. England recognized Ferdinand VII., and supported the insurrection in Spain in his favor. For four years the war went on, with the French everywhere victorious, and driving the insurgents and the English out of the country.

1813.—Napoleon's failure in Russia gave the English fresh hopes, and they succeeded in 1814 in driving the French out.

1814.—Ferdinand VII. ascended the throne, taking a solemn oath to support a liberal constitution. But within a few weeks he announced that the constitution was annulled, the Inquisition restored, and other forms of despotism re-established. Florida was sold to the United States, and the attempts to conquer Mexico and the South American States were miserable failures.

1820.—An insurrection broke out to compel the King to restore the constitution, abolish the Inquisition, suppress the convents, and govern by means of the Cortes. The revolution was for awhile successful.

1823.—The European powers decided to restore order in Spain, and a French army of 100,000 men was marched into the country. The reformers were put down, and some of their Generals hanged. The King was restored, and persecuted all the liberals with great ferocity. Still, he was not savage enough to suit some of the Reactionaries, and his brother, Don Carlos, started two separate wars to overthrow him and seize the crown himself.

1830.—The King was induced by his worthless Queen, Maria Christina, of Naples, to abolish the Salic law, and designate her daughter, afterward the infamous Isabella II., as his successor.

1833.—The King died, and Don Carlos immediately started a war to secure the throne. He was at first successful, but Maria Christina got England and France to allow her to obtain recruits from their countries. She got 10,000 volunteers from England, with their help defeated the Carlists, and secured the throne for her daughter.

1840.—Revolt against the Cortes, which was suppressed.

1842.—Revolt of the Church party against the confiscation and sale of the immense ecclesiastical possessions.

1843.—General insurrection throughout Spain. Maria Christina, the Queen Regent, retired to France. She had the customary penchant of Spanish Queens for good-looking men among the private soldiers of the guards. Somewhat later she publicly announced her marriage with one of these—Munoz—with whom she had been living, and by whom she had in all 10 children.

1843.—In October Isabella II. ascended the throne and began her profligate career. She frequently changed her lovers, and each was for the time all-powerful in the Government of the country.

1854.—Despotic acts, and the discovery that the ex-Queen Maria Christina and Munoz had grabbed up wrongfully most important railroad concessions, and made themselves a compulsory loan of 180,000,000 reals, or $1,800,000, brought about a revolution.

1856.—A general insurrection, and the Kingdom declared in a state of siege.

1859.—War against Morocco, which was the only successful foreign struggle Spain had engaged in for centuries.

1860.—Carlist insurrection, which was suppressed.

1861.—Attempt to re-assert Spanish authority over Santo Domingo, which failed after four years of "war."

1864.—"War" against Peru and Chile, which lasted seven years, without any particular fighting.

1865.—Beginning of insurrections against Isabella II.

1868.—The royal army defeated, and the Queen dethroned. She fled to France, with her lover, Marfori, who had been a private in her guards. A Provisional Government was established, with Marshal Serrano at its head.

1869.—Several Republican insurrections were suppressed with much bloodshed.

1870.—The Cortes voted decisively against a Republic, and after a series of bitter dissensions about the choice of a King, finally elected Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, which precipitated the Franco-Prussian war. Next, Amadeus, brother of the King of Italy, was elected, and ascended the throne. Gen. Prim, who was mainly instrumental in bringing this about, was assassinated before the King was crowned. Amadeus tried to rule according to the constitution, but the utter demoralization of all parties was too much for him, and he abdicated in disgust in 1873.

1872.—The Carlists broke out afresh, and committed fearful atrocities.

1873.—The Cortes established a Republic. Three Presidents followed one another inside of a year. All sorts of insurrections broke out—some in favor of "cantonal sovereignty," or States Rights, as we should term it; some in favor of the Church and absolute despotism, some in favor of any old thing that might occur to them. Meanwhile the Carlists were acting worse than the wild Indians of the West. Part of the Navy revolted, and began piratical operations. Finally the Army broke up the Cortes, and restored the Kingdom, with the eldest son of Isabella II. as King, under the title of Alfonso XII.

1876.—Rebellions and insurrections continued, but the Carlists were finally put down, and comparative peace established.

1885.—Alfonso XII. died as the result of his profligacy, and his Queen succeeded as Regent during the minority of her daughter. In May, 1886, she gave birth to a son, who took precedence over his sister and became the present King, Alfonso XIII.

This brief recital can only give a hint of the disorder, wickedness, and utter misery of the Spanish rule at home. Every man in public life is intriguing and conspiring to get a grab at the public purse. When he gets into power, in place or way, he is crazed to make as much as he can before he is choked off. The prating of patriotism and public spirit is wretched hypocrisy.

The Deacon Goes Home—Shorty Falls a Victim to His Gambling Propensities.

The boys did not finish their tour of picket duty till the forenoon of the next day, and it was getting toward evening when they reached their own camp.

"What in the world's goin' on at the house?" Si asked anxiously, as they were standing on the regimental parade-ground waiting to be dismissed. Strange sounds came floating from that direction. The scraping of a fiddle was mingled with yells, the rush of feet, and laughter.

"I'll go over there and see," said the Deacon, who had sat down behind the line on a pile of the things they had brought back with them. He picked up the coffee-pot, the frying-pan, and one of the haversacks, and walked in the direction of the house. As he turned into the company street, and came in sight of the cabin he looked for an instant, and then broke out:

"I'm blamed if they don't seem to be havin' a nigger political rally there, with the house as campaign headquarters. Where in time could they have all come from? Looks like a crow-roost, with some o' the crows drunk."

Apparently, all the negro cooks, teamsters, officers' servants, and roustabouts from the

THE NEGROES MERRYMAKING.

adjoining camps had been gathered there, with Groundhog, Pilgarlic, and similar specimens of the white teamsters among them and leading them on.

Seated on a log were three negroes, one sawing on an old fiddle, one picking a banjo, and one playing the bones. Two negroes were in the center of a ring, dancing, while the others patted "Juba." All were more or less intoxicated. Groundhog and Pilgarlic were endeavoring to get up a fight between Abraham Lincoln and another stalwart, stupid negro, and were plying them with whisky from a canteen and egging them on with words.

The Deacon strode up to Groundhog, and catching him by the arm demanded sternly:

"What are you doing, you miserable scoundrel? Stop it at once."

Groundhog, who had drunk considerably himself, and was pot-valiant, shook him off roughly, saying:

"G'way from here, you dumbed citizen. This haint none o' your bizniss. Go back to your haymow, and leave soldiers alone."

The Deacon began divesting himself of his burden to prepare for action, but before he could do so Shorty rushed in, gave Groundhog a vigorous kick, and he and Si dispersed the rest of the crowd in a hurry with sharp cuffs upon all that they could reach. The meeting broke up without a motion to adjourn.

The Deacon caught Abraham Lincoln by the collar and shook him vigorously.

"You black rascal," he said, "what've you bin up to?"

"Didn't 'spect you back so soon, Boss," gasped the negro. "Said you wouldn't be back till ter-morrer."

"No matter when you expected us back," said the Deacon, shaking him still harder, while Si winked meaningly at Shorty. "What d'ye mean by sich capers as this? You've bin a-drinkin' likker, you brute."

"Cel'bratun my freedom," gasped the negro. "Groundhog done tole me to."

"I'd like to celebrate his razzled head offen him," exploded the Deacon. "I'll welt him into dog's-meat hash if I kin lay my hands on him. He's too mean and wuthless to even associate with mules. If I'd a dog on my place as ornery as he is I'd give him a button before night. He's not content with bein' a skunk himself, he wants to drag everybody else down to his level. Learnin' you to drink whisky and fight as soon as you're out 'o bondage. Next thing he'll be learnin' you to steal sheep and vote for Vallandigham. I'd like to put a stone around his neck and feed him to the catfish."

There was something so strange and earnest about the Deacon's wrath that it impressed the negro more than any of the most terrible exhibitions of wrath that he had seen his master make. He cowered down, and began crying in a maudlin way and begging:

"Pray God, Boss, don't be so hard on a poor nigger."

Si, who had learned something more of the slave nature than his father, ended the unpleasant scene by giving Abraham Lincoln a sharp slap across the hips with a piece of clapboard and ordering:

"Pick up that camp-kittle, go to the spring and fill it, and git back here in short meter."

The blow came to the negro as a welcome relief. It was something that he could understand. He sprang to his feet, grinned, snatched up the camp-kettle, and ran to the spring.

"I must get that man away from here without delay," said the Deacon. "The influences here are awful. They'll ruin him. He'll lose his soul if he stays here. I'll start home with him to-morrow."

"He'll do worse'n lose his soul," grumbled Shorty, who had been looking over the provisions. "He'll lose the top of his woolly head if he brings another gang o' coons around here to eat us out o' house and home. I'll be gosh-durned if I don't believe they've et up even all the salt and soap. There ain't a crumb left of anything. Talk about losin' his soul. I'd give six bits for something to make him lose his appetite."

"I'll take him home to-morrow," reiterated the Deacon. "I raised over 'leven hundred bushels o' corn last year, 'bout 500 o' wheat, and just an even ton o' pork. I kin feed him awhile, anyway, but I don't know as I'd chance two of him."

"What'll you do if you have him and the grasshoppers the same year, Pap?" inquired Si.

That night the Deacon began his preparations for returning home. He had gathered up many relics from the battlefield to distribute among his friends at home, and decorate the family mantel-piece. There were fragments of exploded shells, some canister, a broken bayonet, a smashed musket, a solid 12-pound shot, a quart or more of battered bullets picked up in his walks over the scenes of the heavy fighting.

"Looks as if you were goin' into the junk business, Pap," commented Si, as the store was gathered on the floor.

The faithful old striped carpet-sack was brought out, and its handles repaired with stout straps. The thrifty Deacon insisted on taking home some of Si's and Shorty's clothes to be mended. The boys protested.

"We don't mend clothes in the army, Pap," said Si. "They aint worth it. We just wear them out, throw 'em away, and draw new ones."

The Deacon held out that his mother and sisters would take great pleasure in working on such things, from the feeling that they were helping the war along. Finally the matter was compromised by putting in some socks to be darned and shirts to be mended. Then the bullets, canister, round shot, fragments of shell, etc., were filled in.

"I declare," said the Deacon dubiously, as he hefted the carpet-sack. "It's goin' to be a job to lug that thing back home. Better hire a mule-team. But I'll try it. Mebbe it'll help work some o' the stupidity out of Abraham Lincoln."

The whole of Co. Q and most of the regiment had grown very fond of the Deacon, and when it was noised around that he was going, they crowded in to say good-by, and give him letters and money to take home. The remaining space in the carpet-sack and all that in the Deacon's many pockets were filled with these.

The next morning the company turned out to a man and escorted him to the train, with Si and his father marching arm-in-arm at the head, the company fifers playing

Aint I glad to get out of the Wilderness,
Way down in Tenne see,

and Abraham Lincoln, laden with the striped carpet-sack, the smashed musket and other relics, bringing up the rear, under the supervision of Shorty.

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he stood on the platform of the car, grasped Si's and Shorty's hands in adieu. His brief farewell was characteristic of the strong, self-contained Western man:

"Good-by, boys. God bless you. Take care o' yourselves. Be good boys. Come home safe after the war."

The boys stood and watched the train with sorrowful eyes until it had passed out of sight in the woods beyond Overall's Creek, and then turned to go to their camp with a great load of homesickness weighing down their hearts.

"Just think of it; he's going straight back to God's country," said someone near.

A sympathetic sigh went up from all.

"Shet up," said Shorty savagely. "I don't want to hear a word o' that kind." He pulled his cap down over his eyes, rammed his hands deep in his pockets, and strode off, trying to whistle,

"When this cruel war is over,"

but the attempt was a dismal failure. Si separated from the crowd and joined him. They took an unfrequented and roundabout way back to camp.

"I feel all broke up, Si," said Shorty. "I wish that we were goin' into a fight, or something to stir us up."

Si understood his partner's mood, and that it was likely to result in an outbreak of some kind. He tried to get him over to the house, so that he could get him interested in work there.

They came to a little hidden ravine, and found it filled with men playing that most fascinating of all gambling to the average soldier—chuck-a-luck. There were a score of groups, each gathered around as many "sweat-boards." Some of the men "running" the games were citizens, and some were in uniform. Each had before him a small board on which was sometimes painted, sometimes rudely marked with charcoal, numbers from one to six. On some of the boards the numbers were indicated by playing-cards from ace to six spot, tacked down. The man who "ran" the game had a dice-box, with three dice. He would shake the box, turn it upside down on the board, and call upon the group in front of him to make their bets.

The players would deposit their money on the numbers that they fancied, and then, after the inquiry, "All down?" the "banker" would raise the box and reveal the dice. Those who had put their money on any of the three numbers which had turned up, would be paid, while those who bet on the other three would lose.

Chuck-a-luck was strictly prohibited in camp, but it was next to impossible to keep the men from playing it. Citizen gamblers would gain admittance to camp under various pretexts and immediately set up boards in secluded places, and play till they were discovered and run out, by which time they would have made enough to make it an inducement to try again whenever they could find an opportunity. They followed the army incessantly for this purpose, and in the aggregate carried off immense sums of the soldiers' pay. Chuck-a-luck is one of the fairest of gambling games, when fairly played, which it rarely or never is by a professional gambler. A tolerably quick, expert man finds little difficulty in palming the dice before a crowd of careless soldiers so as to transfer the majority of their bets to his pocket. The regular citizen gamblers were reinforced by numbers of insatiable chuck-a-luckers in the ranks, who would set up a "board" at the least chance, even under the enemy's fire, while waiting the order to move.

Chuck-a luck was Shorty's greatest weakness. He found it as difficult to pass a chuck-a-luck board as an incurable drunkard does to pass a dram-shop. Si knew this, and shuddered a little as he saw the "lay-outs,"

MR. KLEGG STARTS FOR HOME.

and tried to get his partner past them. But it was of no use. Shorty was in an intractable mood. He must have a strong distraction. If he could not fight he would gamble.

"I'm goin' to bust this feller's bank before I go another step," said he, stopping before one. "I know him. He's the same feller that, you remember, I busted down before Nashville. I kin do it agin. He's a bum citizen gambler. He thinks he's the smartest chuck-a-lucker in the Army o' the Cumberland, but I'll learn him different."

"Don't risk more'n a dollar," begged Si as a final appeal.

"All down?" called the "banker."

"Allow doublin'?" inquired Shorty.

"Double as much as you blamed please, so long's you put your money down," answered the "banker" defiantly.

"Well, then, here goes a dollar on that fivespot," said Shorty, "skinning" a bill from a considerable roll.

"Don't allow more'n 25 cents bet on single cards, first bet," said the "banker," dismayed by the size of the roll.

"Thought you had some sand," remarked Shorty contemptuously. "Well, then, here's 25 cents on the five-spot, and 25 cents on the deuce," and he placed shinplasters on the numbers. Now throw them dice straight, and no fingerin.' I'm a-watchin' you.

"Watch, and be durned," said the banker," surlily. "Watch your own business, and I'll watch mine. I'm as honest as you are, any day."

The "banker" lifted the box, and showed two sixes and tray up. He raked in the bets on the ace, deuce, four and five spots, and paid the others.

"Fifty cents on the deuce; 50 cents on the five," said Shorty, laying down the fractional currency.

Again they lost.

"A dollar on the deuce; a dollar on the five," said Shorty.

The same ill luck.

"Two dollars on the deuce; two dollars on

SHORTY SETTLES WITH THE BANKER.

the five," said Shorty, though Si in vain plucked his sleeve to get him away.

The spots remained obstinately down.

"Four dollars on the deuce; four dollars on the five," said Shorty.

No better luck.

"Eight dollars on the deuce; eight dollars on the five," said Shorty.

"Whew, there goes more'n a month's pay," said the other players, stopping to watch the dice as they rolled out, with the deuce and five spot somewhere else than on top. "And his roll's beginning to look as if an elephant had stepped on it. Now we'll see his sand."

"Come, Shorty, you've lost enough. You've lost too much already. Luck's agin you," urged Si. "Come away."

"I aint goin'," said Shorty, obstinately. "Now's my chance to bust him. Every time them spots don't come up increases the chances that they'll come up next time. They've got to. They're not loaded; I kin tell that by the way they roll. He aint fingerin' them; I stopped that when I made him give 'em a rollin' throw, instead o' keepin' 'em kivvered with the box."

He fingered over his roll carefully and counted out two piles of bills, saying:

"Sixteen dollars on the deuce; sixteen dollars on the five-spot. And I aint takin' chances o' your jumpin' the game on me, Mr. Banker. I want you to plank down $32 alongside o' mine."

Shorty laid down his money and put his fists on it. "Now put yours right there."

"O, I've got money enough to pay you. Don't be skeered," sneered the banker, "and you'll git it if you win it."

"You bet I will," answered Shorty. "And I'm goin' to make sure by havin' it right on the board alongside o' mine. Come down, now."

The proposition met the favor of the other players, and the banker was constrained to comply.

"Now," said Shorty, as the money was counted down, "I've got jest $20 more that says that I'll win. Put her up alongside."

The "banker" was game. He pulled out a roll, and said as he thumbed it over:

"I'll see your $20, and go you $50 better that I win."

Shorty's heart beat a little faster. All his money was up, but there was the $50 which the Deacon had intrusted to him for charitable purposes. He slipped his hand into his bosom, felt it, and looked at Si. Si was not looking at him, but had his eyes fixed on a part of the board where the dice had been swept after the last throw. Shorty resisted the temptation for a moment, and withdrew his hand.

"Come down, now," taunted the "banker." "You've blowed so much about sand. Don't weaken over a little thing like $50. I'm a thoroughbred, myself, I am. The man don't live that kin bluff me."

The taunt was too much for Shorty. He ran his hand into his bosom in desperation, pulled out the roll of the Deacon's money, and laid it on the board.

Si had not lifted his eyes. He was wondering why the flies showed such a liking for the part of the board where the dice were lying. Numbers of them had gathered there, apparently eagerly feeding. He was trying to understand it.

He had been thinking of trying a little shy at the four-spot himself, as he had noticed that it had never won, and two or three times he had looked for it before the dice were put in the box, and had seen the "banker" turn it down on the board before picking the dice up. A thought flashed into his mind.

The "banker" picked up the dice with seeming carelessness, dropped them into the box, gave them a little shake, and rolled them out. Two threes and a six came up. The "banker's" face lighted up with triumph, and Shorty's deadened into acute despair.

"I guess that little change is mine," said the "banker" reaching for the pile.

"Hold on a minnit, Mister," said Si, covering the pile with his massive hands. "Shorty, look at them dice. He's got molasses on one side. You kin see there where the flies are eatin' it."

Shorty snatched up the dice, felt them, and touched his tongue to one side. "That's so, sure's you're a foot high," said he, sententiously.

Just then someone yelled:

"Scatter! Here come the guards!"

All looked up. A company coming at the double-quick almost upon them. The "banker" made a final desperate claw for the money, but was met by the heavy fist of Shorty, and knocked on his back. Shorty grabbed what money there was on the board, and he and Si made a burst of speed which took them out of the reach of the "provos" in a few seconds. Looking back from a safe distance they could see the "bankers" and a lot of the more luckless ones being gathered together to march to the guard-house.

"Another detachment of horny-handed laborers for the fortifications," said Shorty grimly, as he recovered his breath, watched them and sent up a yell of triumph and derision. "Another contribution to the charity fund," he continued, looking down at the bunch of bills and fractional currency in his hands.

"Shorty," said Si earnestly, "promise me solemnly that you'll never bet at chuck-a-luck agin as long as you live."

"Si, don't ask me impossibilities. But I want you to take every cent o' this money and keep it. Don't you ever give me more'n $5 at a time, under any consideration. Don't you do it, if I git down on my knees and ask for it. Lord, how nigh I come to losin' that $50 o' your father's."

(To be continued.)

COL. JACK CHUM, of Kentucky, who was prepared to whip a clear majority of the Legislature in the interest of Senator Blackburn, has so far shown no bellicose spirit toward Spain.

"So I hear, Adams, you've lost a relative. Was it a near or distant relative?"

Adams—Purty distant, sir; 'bout 40 miles."